

# The OTEEN

OFFICIAL WEEKLY OF U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 19 OTEEN, NORTH CAROLINA  
PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF THE SURGEON GENERAL OF THE ARMY

VOL. IV

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1919

No. 5



RICHARD IS HIMSELF AGAIN !

Drawn by J. L. DeLury



# From Your Home Town

There's no paper like the newspaper from your home town.

The trouble is it generally reaches you a day or two--even three days late.

And nobody enjoys reading news that everybody else has already forgotten.

While you're at Oteen read the ASHEVILLE CITIZEN.

It gives you the "live" news of the world every morning--keeps you abreast of the times.

And its Washington correspondent keeps you in touch with army news and notes that AFFECT YOU.

Start reading the CITIZEN tomorrow morning.

*On Sale Every Morning at the Canteen*

## THE ASHEVILLE CITIZEN

YOUR NEWSPAPER

A BEAUTIFUL 21 MILE RIDE VIA

### Hendersonville-Asheville Interurban Co., Inc.

GLOVER T. ORR, *Manager*

CHAS. McMANAWAY, *Asst. Mgr.*

#### *Summer Schedule, Effective July 1, 1919.*

##### HENDERSONV'E TO ASHEVILLE

Leave at..... 9:00 a. m.  
Leave at..... 10:00 a. m.  
Leave at..... 1:30 p. m.  
Leave at..... 4:15 p. m.  
Leave at..... 6:00 p. m.  
Leave at..... 7:00 p. m.

##### ASHEVILLE TO HENDERSONV'E

Leave at..... 8:30 a. m.  
Leave at..... 10:00 a. m.  
Leave at..... 1:00 p. m.  
Leave at..... 4:00 p. m.  
Leave at..... 6:00 p. m.  
Leave at..... 7:00 p. m.

##### SUNDAY SCHEDULE

##### HENDERSONV'E TO ASHEVILLE

Leave at..... 9.00 a. m.  
Leave at..... 2.00 p. m.  
Leave at..... 6.00 p. m.

##### ASHEVILLE TO HENDERSONV'E

Leave at..... 9.00 a. m.  
Leave at..... 1.00 p. m.  
Leave at..... 6.00 p. m.

*Cars leave Hendersonville from Rose Pharmacy  
Cars Leave Asheville from Smith's Drug Store*

### Learn the Latest Dances

THE MISSES FINLEY

*Dancing Teachers*

Private lessons by appointment.

Dancing every Tuesday and Friday,  
8 to 11 p.m. Elks' Building, entrance  
Walnut Street.

55c a Couple

Phone 2171



# The OTEEN

(Indian for "Chief Aim")

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Vol. IV

Saturday, August 16, 1919

No. 5

Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice,  
Oteen, N. C. Subscription rates, \$1.00 for seven-  
teen weeks, postpaid. Five cents the copy.

When it comes to men hopping out of a rut, and hitting into a regular stride, let's talk of the newly-organized Oteen baseball team. For five games have they played consistent and A-1 ball. We overheard a group of Asheville enthusiasts praising Oteen for their regeneration, and offered hope that a series of games would be played between the two hospitals teams—Kenilworth and Oteen. And why not? There has always been a sense of rivalry between the two hospitals, yet nothing more than small talk has resulted and three exhibitions of inferior ball on both sides. What would engender a better feeling for the after-days, when we've nothing but the memory of our army days, than the knowing of one well-contested ball game to carry in our mental diary?

Our camp, from Commander to buck-worker, are in favor of one game or a series to be played at Oates Park. Kenilworth is closing shortly, it is true, but with their team playing, as they acknowledge, the best ball of their existence, time for at least one or more games might be easily arranged. The two camps would turn out en masse, naturally, and we've just sixth-sense enough to believe it would be one hum-dinger of a game.

So, Mr. Managers, together will you hop out of your lethargies and see what can be done? Let's go!



Oteen may not be noted for its culinary efforts, but by gracious, you cannot discount it and the environs for hiking proclivities. True the "A. N. C. Cavalry" profit by the macadam and dirt roads—as do the officers—but where are the old-fashioned person who used to walk mile after mile of a Sunday afternoon through the countryside? Walking, for walking's sake, was passed out, along with the one-horse rig, hand-made neckties and the popularity of the toothpick! With these modern, and army days and easier means of auto-motion, walking has been dropped from our recreational board.

Yet a hike through the environs of Oteen will prove a blessing to you in body and soul—as it did to us last Sunday. It gives your muscles a workout, a real acquaintance with the beauties of our hills and countryside, instead of hurrying at sixty miles through patches of grays, greens, dust and din. Hiking here gets you back to the heart of nature, the flowers, the peace of being alone and a quiet mind.

Then, too, there are all sorts of thrills and delights awaiting you at unexpected corners. Take, for instance, the sensation we had after covering a dozen miles of stopping at a farmer's house to quench our thirst, telling him of the wonders of the day and, as he cracked a quart of home-made wine for us, ejaculate with awe, "By dad, you'll win the bet, hey?"

Let us be your moral chief and prescribe shaking a leg and gaining an acquaintance with these hills for half a day on Sunday next.

We suffer from profiteering—the high cost of living—poor distribution—and countless other ills.

These ills did not come over night.

They are not going to disappear over night.

It won't do to palliate evils like these.

They must be pulled out by the roots.

Even staid old conservaties like F. A. Vanderlip, former president of the National City Bank of New York, see that we are at the end of the road.

There is no danger that ex-service men will resort to force in order to right their wrongs.

This is strange, too, since they suffer most.

They know that force—violence—will block the road to justice.

Instead of justice, violence brings misery.

We are not going to repeat Europe's bloody experiment.

Instead, we are going to profit by that experience to the fullest possible extent.

Blowing each other's heads off, we know, is ghastly.

Besides, it doesn't get us anything.

There must be close, intense organization to get the things we want—at the ballot box.

Men must be elected to office who stand exactly for the things we want.

They must wear the same clothes and shoes and live the same lives that we do.

Class distinction must be abolished. There must be justice—equal opportunity for everybody to earn a decent living.

We must be aggressive to get anywhere, but withal peaceful and orderly.

Let's figure out exactly what we want, and then let's see that we get exactly what we want.

There must be no compromise when justice is at stake.

All the "pep" we need we can get from the writing of Benjamin Franklin and Patrick Henry and Abraham Lincoln and from Woodrow Wilson's New Freedom.

Give us the real, old-fashioned American ideals—the American spirit.

With those ideals—in that spirit—we will win—and win big.







### WE'LL SAY THIS WAS SOME BALL GAME

Our team won its third victory Thursday afternoon against the team from Asheville by the score of 5 to 0. McClellan pitched a splendid game for the home team and scored one run with a three base hit in the third inning thus winning his own game. Our boys played ball in the field and came across with two fast double plays. Bernard pitched good ball but had very poor support from his teammates.

The crowd was the largest which has witnessed a game at Oteen this season and there was plenty of interest and enthusiasm displayed. Our boys are catching the spirit and are boosting the team in the right way.

#### BOX SCORE

ASHEVILLE	AB	R	H	SB	A	E
Benson, c. f.	3	0	1	0	0	0
Murry, 3b.	4	0	1	0	3	2
Allison, 1b.	4	0	1	0	3	2
Landreth, ss.	2	0	1	0	3	0
Bryson, 2b.	3	0	0	0	3	0
Coggin, rf.	2	0	4	0	0	0
Adams, lf.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Wilson, c.	2	0	0	0	1	3
Bernard, p.	2	0	0	0	3	0
Total	25	0	5	1	15	5
OTEEN	AB	R	H	SB	A	E
Gburczyk, ss.	4	0	1	0	2	0
Mickle, rf.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Delaney, 2b.	4	1	1	0	2	0
Crimm, c.	3	1	1	1	1	0
Hayes, 3b.	4	0	1	1	1	0
McKethan, cf.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Cope, lf.	3	1	1	1	0	0
Antley, 1b.	3	1	1	0	0	0
McClellan, p.	3	1	2	0	2	0
Total	30	5	8	3	8	0

Three base hits: McClellan, Delaney. Two base hits Gburczyk. Double plays: Gburczyk to Delaney; Delaney to Antley; Landreth to Bryson unassisted. Bases on balls off McClellan 5; off Bernard 2. Strike outs by Bernard 2; by McClellan 3. Umpires Williams and Farley. Scorer, Kleinmann.

### AND WE WALLOPED CANTON

Oteen won its fifth straight victory from the strong Canton team on Wednesday by a score of 8 to 2. Without doubt the new re-organization is establishing itself as having one of the fastest teams in the South. The game was played on Canton's home grounds. The town declaring it a holiday—and turned out enmasse to witness the prowess of the soldiers and of their own team.

Canton opened the game and milled two around the diamond by faulty fielding on Oteen's part—but that ended Canton's scoring for the day. In the third, with two men on base, Gburczyk, our stellar shortstop, with 2 strikes and 3 balls on him, walloped one into deep center for three bags—scoring two tallies—he later stealing in on a bad throw. In the next inning Antley opened with a single and stole second. Delaney walked, and then Cope came through with a double, scoring the two men. In the eighth Simmons, the Reliable, clouted a clean double with the bases full, scoring three men.



### OTEENERS WIN FOURTH STRAIGHT GAME EASILY

Playing fast and furious baseball, the newly organized Oteen team won its fourth straight victory last Saturday at Weaverville when they defeated the Weaverville players by the score of 7 to 3. A large crowd witnessed the game with over 200 soldiers from the Post cheered their comrades to victory. They were taken to the grounds in five big army trucks.

With Sutton in the box, a new acquisition to the pitchers' staff, the Oteeners had no trouble in taking the big end of the score, although the losers put up a strong game, fighting hard all of the nine rounds of play. He also helped put his game on ice by a slashing homer to the outer grounds.

Oteen started out with a rush, making three runs in the first inning as a result of a homer, a walk and two hits. Simmons, playing third did the "Babe Ruth" stunt in the initial frame. Thorpe, the new right fielder, demonstrated that he is star when he clouted out a homer during the game. He is a fast fielder and a worthy member of the team.

Crimm, one of the old timers gave a fine exhibition of catching the twirler's shoots. He will prove a valuable man behind the bat.

The Oteeners with a reorganized team are winning everything and their supporters are clamoring for a game with Kenilworth and surrounding towns having teams. They have a first class infield with Antley, a former Carolina leaguer, on first, and Simmons, a heavy hitter, at the hot station. In the outfield, we have Thorpe, another heavy swatter in the right garden, while the other pair of fielders are fast on their feet, able to catch a ball as well as swat the pill.

It is probable that we will play several games with the Kenilworth aggregation before this hospital closes on September 1.



# CAPS & CAPE

*Deo et Humanitate*

HELEN ON LIL' THINGS

## "ELEPHANTS IS ELEPHANTS"

We understand that two nurses, who can be found during the day in the Chief Nurse's Office, have been presented with White Elephants. Now every one knows what it means to have White Elephants on one's hands. Therefore any suggestions as to the care and upkeep of the graceful little quadrupeds will be gladly received. Kindly leave suggestions with either Miss Scott or Miss Flewwelling.

■ ■

Ask Moffatt the joke about the "Special" at Baron Behens.

■ ■

The watermelons donated by some kind-hearted citizen of Asheville, were greatly enjoyed. Some consolation for having red hair. We were also able for once to make the other "types" jealous.

■ ■

"Those of you" who keep your cars in the garage at the upper end of the one way road. Would you like to consider "those of us" who sleep on the porch directly opposite the garage and dim your lights as you turn in the road.

■ ■

WANTED—A quiet spot on the reservation for the patient nurses in Ward No. 2, to rest between the hours of 1-3, as it seems necessary to apply cut-outs when passing the above-named Ward.

■ ■

## WE'LL MISS:

Tin China,  
Petty Restrictions,  
Our Valiant Officers,  
Night duty,  
The Blue Birds,  
Paddy Donovan,  
Our Uncle 'Samuel,'  
Them Guards,  
Meetin' the Bucks, ..  
Miss Standish,  
Handsome Prees.

A DERN GOOD

MISS!

Dear Marion:—

There is scandal in camp: Capt. Malone is sued for breach of promise! And he looks "so nice and old and settled"—until you look into his eyes—"they're baby mine!" The trial was held in the Red X and, like all trials, was tiresome and long drawn out. Sometimes there was something funny said or done. At the close of the trial Judge Hayes woke up, and Capt. Malone married Lieutenant Saxton Mary Pickle-Forks. Everybody laughed and rubbed at the bride's dainty No. 12's, and petticoat showing so cute above them. All would like to have seen more of the Nurses and Aides in the bridal party with their evening dresses on.

They are examining the Detachment boys for bugs. Yes, I know most of them are bug-house, but I mean T.B., the same as they examined us for. Most of them think it a good way out—out of work or out of the Army. Poor innocents, they do not realize how much the nurses want them—or—

Well, kid, you should oughto have been here for the Nurses' Dance the other night! They had real music and even Uncle Dudley was there. Every one had a good time. A bunch of discharged detachment men were there with their ever twinkling toe. Really, it was one of the nicest we have

had, in spite of the fact that the girls worked until 11:00 p. m. the night before, putting up decorations and at 7:00 a. m., the maid got a ladder and took them down.

The Y. W. C. A. sent Miss Lyall a big touring car for our pleasure. But it got sick just as we had learned to love it! Too bad—almost the first real Christian thing ever done for we poor females out here. Wish there was a somebody in the world with a big car that would loan it to us once in a while! Most of the cars we get to ride in have that seat and back disease, known as Lumpforditis.

So you think by the funny spelling and words you found in the last Oteen that the proofreader was "drunk?" Far from it—he was walking the floor with the littliest baby on one hand, the Oteen in the other, and trying to think up an editorial on "Why I Married."

The guards and M. P.'s are some detectives, they think nothing is getting by, but a nurse married a detachment man last February. And another will be married to a patient when you get this, besides the others that are going together. If the M. P.'s could periscope some Nurses' minds, and Aides, too—how happy they would be!

Hoping you feel the same way,

Love from,

HELEN.

■ ■

"Whats the matter, Hill?"

"Aw! the Lieutenant bawled me out because I was a few minutes late."

(Voice aside): "Yea, supposed to report at 1:00 p. m. and turned up at 5:00!"

■ ■

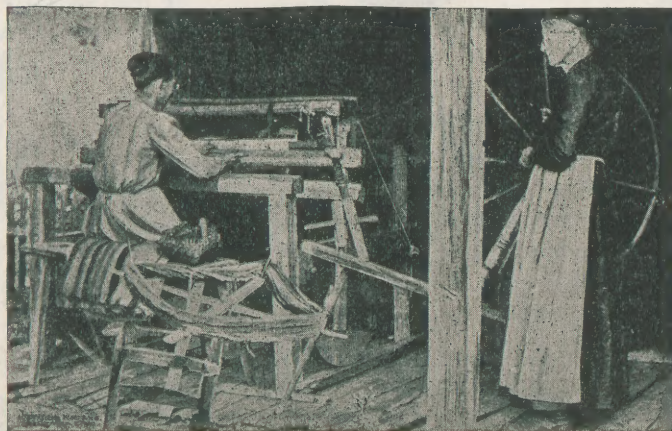
C-1: "Nuss, ain't I'm to get sum salts "

■ ■

"Of course I got T.B. Didn't the X-Ray Captain look through the floor-screen at me and see T.B.?"

■ ■

Orderly: "Nurses, we want to borrow some Aromatic Spts. of Macaroni." (Label reads Aromatic Spirits of Ammonia).



LOOM SCENE IN A TYPICAL MOUNTAIN HOME



## GIRLS, FER GAWD'S SAKE LISTEN

Girls, for goodness sake, don't answer matrimonial ads on a bet or great grief may come to you, just as it is coming fast and furiously to one of the nurses in the Nurses' Infirmary.

Time sometimes hangs heavily on the hands of the nurses who are recuperating from the ill-effects of foreign and other service during the world war. One of them, however, was tired of uneventful living and was looking for some excitement.

The girls by some means or other got hold of one of those mystery sheets—matrimonial publications. Then some one started saying, "Gwan, I'll dare you to." More dares were made. As a result, one of the nurses rose to the occasion and courageously sent in a reply telling what a robust, healthy young woman she was, how unusually attractive, etc. She forgot to mention, by the way, anything about her happy home, the above-mention infirmary.

The recipient of the letter is now a firm believer in the saying, "It pays to advertise." He fell for her letter-writing charms and now—this is the terrible part of the story, hold your breath—the distracted nurse has just received a telegram, saying:

"Am on my way to see you, will arrive in Oteen on the 6:10." Oh, Mable, ain't it awful? What the umpty-ump will the poor girl do? And she doesn't even know whether or not the gentleman is black or white!

A word to the wise is sufficient. Don't meddle with such ads unless you have passed your seventy-fifth birthday and are prepared for the worst. But who knows, he might be some Beau Brummel, possibly a famous louie or captain or major? The excitement waxes warmer; we'll let you know in our next, if anything really develops.

## A NATURAL QUESTION

"One of them fellers that moved in yur from the North a spell ago got into trouble yesterday," related a citizen of the Sandy Mush, N. Car., region. "He was hoeing in the field when Gabe Giggery clumb the fence and went over to howdy with him. They got to talking politics, one word brung on another, and directly Gabe yanked the hoe away from him, whacked him over the head with it, and like to have split his skull."

"H'm! Something powerful funny about most of them Northerners," commented an acquaintance. "What in thunder was he doing hoeing in the field, anyhow? Hain't he got no wife?"

## TO PHYLLIS

Phyllis, up in the morning,  
Spirit of love and spring,  
Phyllis, lithe as the willow,  
Voice like the birds that sing.  
Phyllis, full of sunshine  
Sparkling like drops of dew,  
Phyllis, Phyllis, O Phyllis,  
This is a song for you.

Phyllis, why do you linger,  
Why do your feet remain,  
Phyllis, we wait your coming,  
Over the bloom-decked plain,  
Phyllis, a brimming beaker,  
Now your health we quaff,  
Setting our hearts all leaping,  
Lighter than wind blown chaff.  
(As I dictated it.)

## TO FILL US

(As my Stenographer took it.)  
Fill us up in the morning,  
Spirits of loving spring,  
Fill us tight as a pillow,  
Boys like the birds that sing;  
Fill us full of moonshine,  
Sparkling like dropsy dew.  
Fill us, Fill us, O fill us!  
This is too strong for you.

Fill us! Why do you linger?  
Why do your feet in pain,  
Fill us! We wait your coming,  
Over the gloom-necked plain.  
Fill us a brimming beaker,  
Now your health we quaff,  
Setting our hearts all leaping,  
Light as a ringboned calf.

## DISABLED HAVE NO GROUCH

Washington. No grouch can be detected in the attitude of our disabled soldier boys who are taking vocational training courses under the supervision of the Federal Board for Vocational Education, thus re-making themselves for new places in life.

"Plenty of prospects ahead," writes one boy with an arm wound. "Without this chance I would be up against it," writes another badly injured young fellow. "All the students are satisfied here," says a boy from a middle western college where a number of re-education students have been paced.

"With the assurance of better jobs, fear of the future vanishes, and disabled soldiers find themselves contented and happy. Handicaps become spurs to success. The boys who are returning from overseas more or less disabled are in fact showing the finest sort of spirit—the more serious the disability, as it something seems, the finer the spirit.

## TRAVELING ON THE SOUTHERN

As the car reacher Asheville an old man with a long, white beard rose feebly from a corner seat and tottered toward the door. He was, however, stopped by the conductor, who said.

"Your fare, please."

"I paid my fare."

"When? I don't remember it."

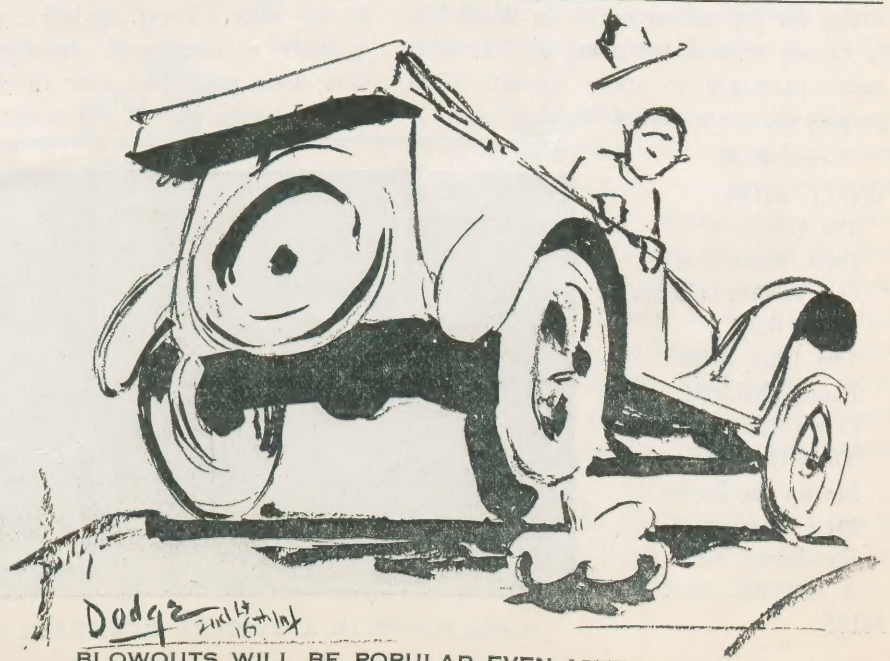
"Why, I paid when I got on the car."

"Where did you get on the car?"

"At Hickory."

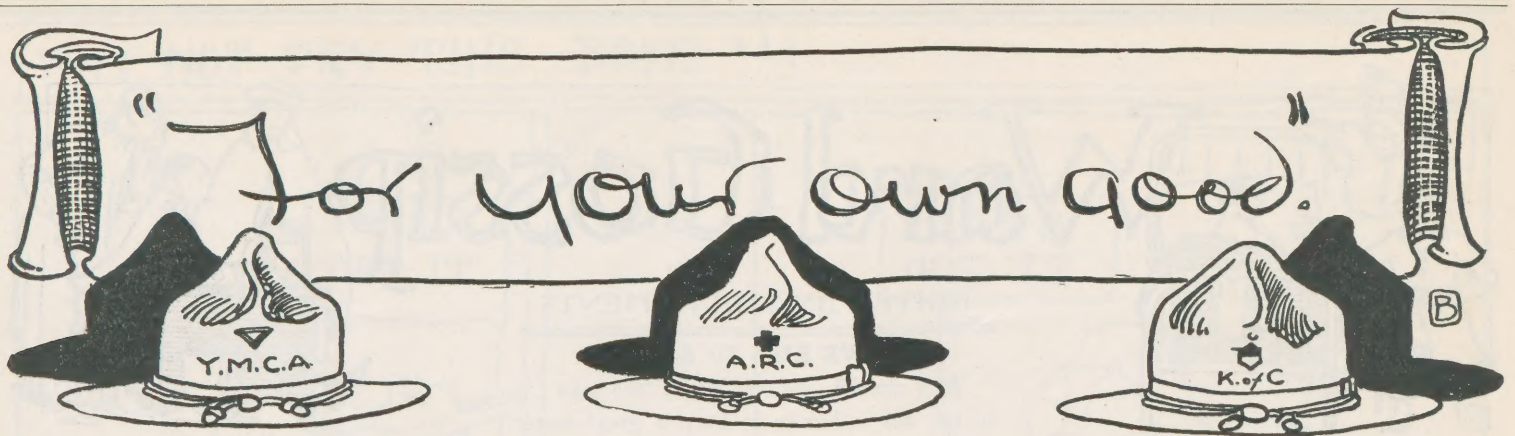
"That won't do! When I left Hickory there was only a boy on the car."

"Yes," answered the old man, "I know it. I was that little boy."



BLOWOUTS WILL BE POPULAR EVEN AFTER JULY 1ST.





The sing-song and watermelon cutting at the "Y" on Tuesday night last proved one of the most enjoyable occasions since the camp has been in existence. For three-quarters of an hour the boys and girls sang the late popular songs and listened to readings by young ladies from the Currie School of Expression. Mr. Coburn led the singing and Mrs. Burns presided at the piano. Following the indoor program the soldiers and their friends retired to the rear of the building where long tables had been prepared and one hundred watermelon, ice cold, were all sliced and awaiting the attack. As snow disappears before the warm spring sun the melon faded away. The soldiers enjoying the K. of C. dance and their friends were asked to join in this spread, and they did so. Approximately eight hundred men and ladies were present and many were the words of praise for the Hon. L. L. Jenkins, president of the American National Bank, of Asheville, who planned and provided the spread. Mr. Jenkins plans another watermelon cutting before the season is over, and says that three hundred melons must be used the next time.

▽ ▽

The B. Y. P. U. of the First Baptist Church know exactly how to help Bill Barton, of the W. C. C. S. When he wants Uncle Sams' boys to help put over a big community sing he prays for more eats for them, and the ladies hear the Macedonian cry and announce free feed. Result: Plenty of boys to sing and a full table for eats. Everybody happy!

▽ ▽

If you object to a shower bath join the regular Wednesday afternoon swimming party. Trucks are provided and the plunge is taken in a nice private lake.

▽ ▽

Fellow, what do you say to an old-fashioned spelling match? We will have a lot of young ladies from town, and the men spell-down the visitors. Does this meet your approval?

To the Men of Oteen:

Ten months with you has made me feel that I may call you "My Boys" in real truth, and all the rest of my life you will be 'My Boys' to me.

Always courteous and thoughtful, made more serious by your unprecedented experiences, yet full of fun and good comradeship you have made me most hopeful of the future—that future which calls for more judgment, more wisdom and stronger leadership than the world has ever known.

You and your comrades are the men from whom that wisdom, judgment and leadership must come.

In these trying times of reconstruction, may my last message to you, as a whole, be that you think through all issues that you be fair in your decisions, and that you have always strong faith in God and a sense of humor.

Boys, you have been most wonderfully sweet to me and, with my whole heart, I'm for you.

ELIZABETH C. MORRIS.

♦ ♦

Captain A. A. Taylor, Lieut. Guernsey, and Lieut. Bachman, representing Colonel Arthur Woods, Special Assistant Secretary of War, were at Oteen this past week. Colonel Woods, formerly Police Commissioner of New York city, was recently put in charge in a special office of the War Department, so that soldiers and discharged soldiers who wished information or assistance in regard to Liberty Bond, insurance, back-pay, etc., might take up the matter direct and get immediate satisfaction. The visitors at Oteen this past week were especially concerned with the problems of employment of discharged soldiers and of bringing before the men the different agencies that are handling this work for discharged men. At the present time the Bureau of Returned Soldiers and Sailors, with thirty-six hundred branches in the United States, is doing splendid service along this line.

Secretary Thomas Ruffin reported here Tuesday of last week and has been assigned to Kenilworth. Dad, who has been our secretary at that place has been transferred to Pensacola, Fla., and will report there as soon as his health permits.

★ ★

Discharges among the Detachment men have interrupted our pool tournament somewhat, but we expect to play the finals and start the next one this week. Leave your name with the Secretaries for the next one.

★ ★

In a Medical Journal recently we read of a disease which attacks trap drummers caused by the concussion of the different so-called musical instruments they use. If you see the ambulance headed toward the K. of C. Hut you will know that one of the Secretaries have weakened under the effect of a medley played by an instrumentation as follows, viz. and to wit: one player piano, one punching bag, one Victrola and eight pool players speaking four different languages and Irish

★ ★

In the absence of both Bill and Joe last Sunday we were without an organist for Mass. Lieutenant Hayes learning of our need kindly volunteered and, as a result, the choir was supported very creditably. Many thanks, Lieutenant!

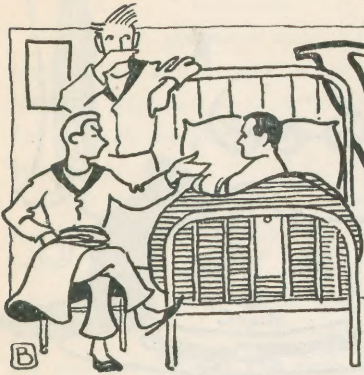
★ ★

We were glad to welcome Pete back to Oteen again. You will always find him willing to answer all questions; take your order for anything in town, or do any little thing possible for you on the Post. Ask "Pete," he knows!

★ ★

Last week we had this week's program in the paper with movies scheduled for Sunday night, which will be tomorrow night. We hope to keep our promise and put them on. They will start as soon as it is dark enough and will be shown outdoors in front of the Hut.





### THE BUGLER AT OTEEN

Somebody has murdered the bugler at Oteen,  
He surely must be dead,  
You never hear his cruel bugle call—  
That call that chases you out of bed.  
Early in the morning,  
Just at the break of day  
When you must needs arise, with cobwebs  
in your eyes  
To answer his blooming reveille.  
Long live the guy that murdered the bugler at Oteen;  
May joy and happiness fill his cup,  
And here's hoping that he got th' other guy  
That guy that wakes the bugler up!  
—M. J. Ward H-5.

★ ★

Ward I-10 claims to have the handsomest man in the Post. We base our statement on a tall, commanding corporal with a mustache, dimples, wavy hair, hypnotising eyes, and everything. Ask the nurses and aides, they know! The only objection we have is that the rest of the boys are out of luck when he is around.

★ ★

Pvt. Mike Radeck of Ward I-10 claims that the ladder of discharge through the S. C. D. board is too well greased. We agree with you Mike, that 85c an hour at Flint, Mich., is better than a dollar a day in the army. Better luck next time, Mike! Hope is the soul's oxygen.

★ ★

There's a girl who can cook in I-7,  
Ambrosia they eat up in Heaven  
Cannot beat the hot cakes  
That fair "Mickey" makes  
She comes from the land of St. Kevin!  
—I-7.

★ ★

First inning, Capt. Alexander is happy;  
fifth inning, happier and ninth inning, happiest.

# Ward Gossip

EDITED BY THE PATIENTS

### WE RISE TO ASK

Why should any one Red Cross man try to use his influence to keep a great many visiting ladies of Asheville from one of the I Wards? We know of several instances where said man has made some remarks, thereby reducing much of the popularity of said wards.

★ ★

We would like very much to know what there might be in I-7 to cause our Brother B'Baum to loose so much steam!

★ ★

If we can only keep Davis from crushing *his Pye!*

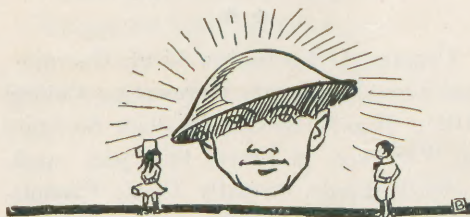
★ ★

Is it possible for Pvt. L. A. Strain to leave off a great deal of the "sweet faithful?" Some one else seems to be the originator—for whom we have no need in these parts. He's crabbing our ward!

★ ★

### TO THE LADIES OF ASHEVILLE

You will always receive a welcome from I-2 that can not be surpassed. Should you not believe this, you are cordially invited to come out, look around 'n everything. We would enjoy your presence very much.



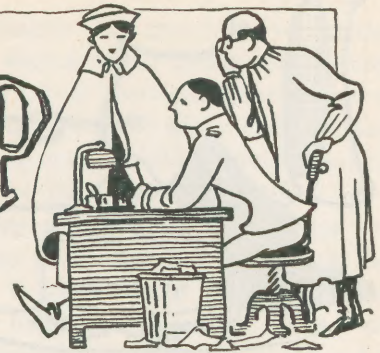
WANTED—A receipt for keeping flies from crawling over my face after sun up in the morning, when I am so sleepy. Mosquito bar objected to. Early Riser.

★ ★

We wonder Sarge Ol' Boy of Ward I-10 who made the shelter of the friendly oak tree in last Monday night's rain storm—did the cruel lightning frighten the fair one? Tough luck, doc, and it looked like a big night.

★ ★

So far as we know, the Salvation Army was the only thing that got through the war without being knocked.



### EVERY WOUNDED SOLDIER TO GET HONOR CERTIFICATE

Every American soldier wounded in the European war is to be presented with a special certificate by the War Department, Secretary Baker announced. The certificate of honor will be a lithographed sheet, 10 by 14 inches, bearing the facsimile of the President's signature.

"Columbia gives to her sons the accolade of the new chivalry of the humanity,' will be inscribed at the top of the certificate. At the bottom will be written the name of the soldier, his rank and origin and these:

"Served with honor in the war with Germany and was wounded in action at (name of battle front) on (date of wound.)"

In addition the certificate will contain a picture by E. H. Blashford, the artist, who did the mural work in the Capitol Building here. This picture shows Columbia, sword in hand, conferring knighthood on a soldier.

★ ★

Pat and Mike were playing "seven up" over in W-1.

Mike, looking queerly at Pat, says: "How in the devil did you know I had a spade?"

"Sure," says Pat, "I saw you spit on your hands."

★ ★

I'm a cute little innocent T.B?  
A sort of a phoney "squee-gee,"

With nice rooms and supper  
Within the right upper,

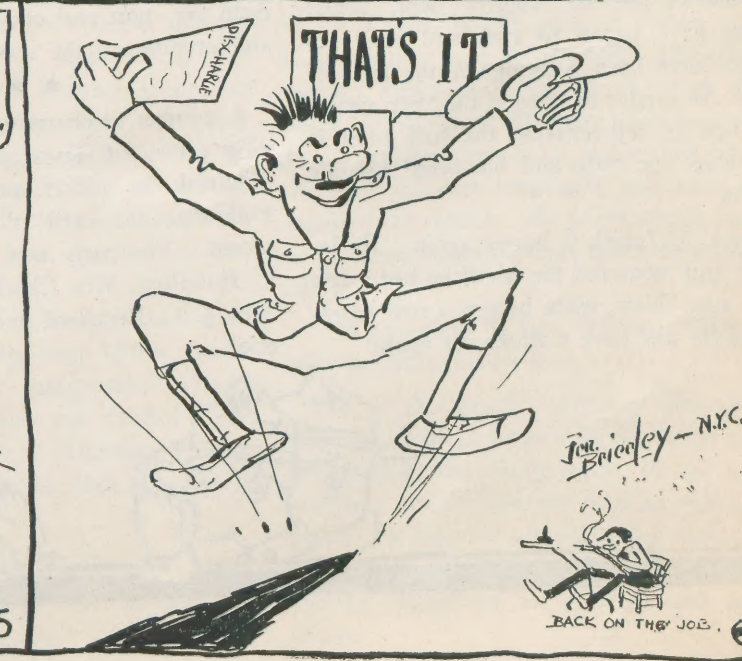
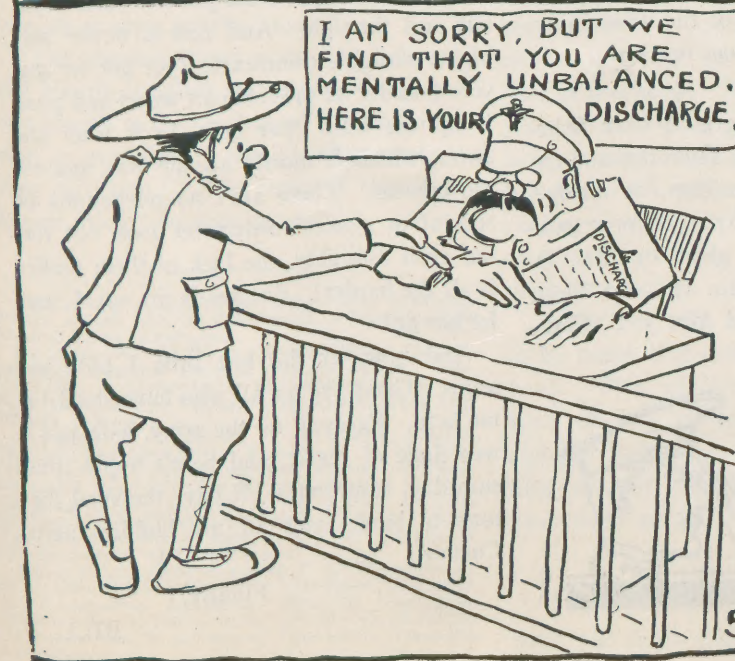
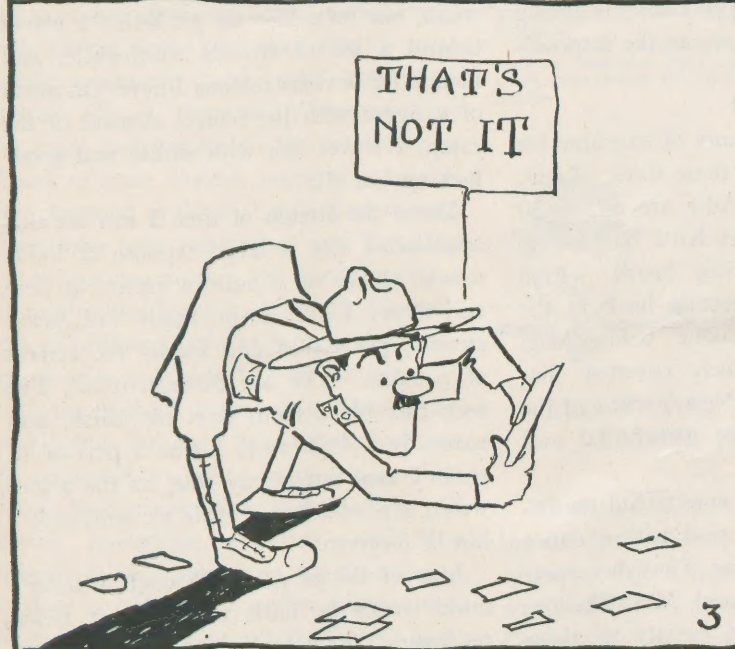
Now the landlord would give me the C B

★ ★

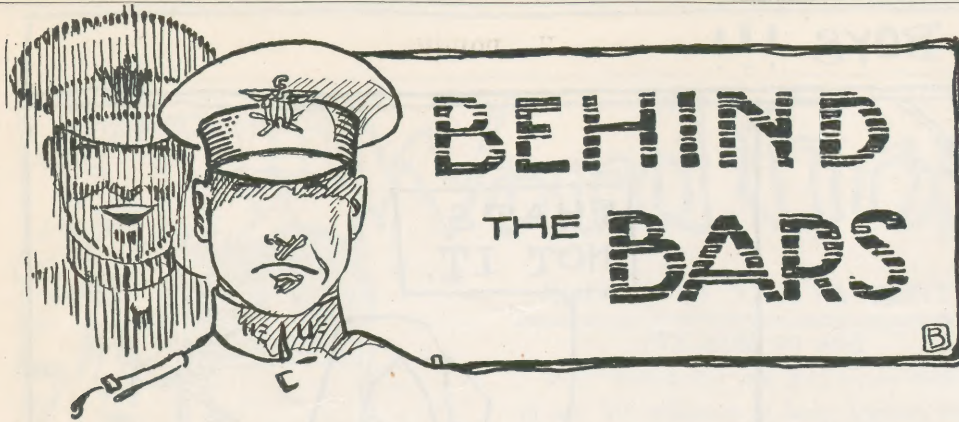
There was a guy named Hoster  
Who looked at the official roster,  
He took three peeps  
And found he had "three weeks"  
For not making up his bed proper.



# WHY NOT TRY THIS BOYS !!!







Recently we observed what we thought were a lot of new members of the Officers' Club here, but when we compared notes we found that they were old members who had been chased in out of the bushes by the new checking rules.

★ ★

Some of the officers have found it an easier matter to sleep from one until three than to "explain by endorsement hereon;" consequently the nurses are enjoying an unprecedented amount of trade in pulses and temperatures in the afternoons.

★ ★

Headquarters has been swamped by a tidal wave of applications for leave during the past week, while other have hopes of escaping via the S. C. D. Board.

★ ★

Since Capt Alexander, of the S. C. D., board is the big squeeze in pushing the sports here, we are suspicious of these fellows who never miss a ball game and who always root like the dickens—when the afore mentioned Captain is within hearing distance. Looks like some sort of badger game to us.

★ ★

Some of the old staggers here, whose joints have begun to rust and bones to creak, have been hanging on the trail of Capt. Alexander to learn if the "pep virus" he used in rejuvenating the ball team is any good for stale and has-been shimmie artists.

★ ★

Capt. McIntosh is happy again. He located and recovered the wheel he lost a few days ago. Now, when he gets a new windshield he will have a whole car again.

The reason for the sudden popularity of Ward-2, has been discovered. Where else can you get a nightly pantomime in silhouette on a canvass stretched across the way. Verily, Dempsey, Cannon, Farrington, et al., have put one over.

★ ★

After having been retired from active duty on sick leave for quite some time, our old friend, Ye Hon. Slipps-Loose, is among us again with Capt. Hare as the responsible party.

★ ★

There seems to be plenty of sunshine for the rest of the bunch these days. Lieut. Shaver and Major McAdie are off on 30 day sick leaves, Colonel Kitts has left to appear before a retiring board. Fred Moon is thinking of getting back in the driver's seat of the "Cootie" before long, Ben Heyman has a much coveted discharge and has left for New York, and the whole bunch seem to be getting fat and healthy.

★ ★

Col. and Mrs. Lyster entertained the officers and ladies of the post with a dance at the Red Cross building Thursday evening in honor of Col. and Mrs. Skelton. The affair was confined strictly to those from the post and one of the most enjoyable evenings of the season resulted.

★ ★

A number of charming girls from Asheville came out Tuesday afternoon and entertained the officer patients at bridge. Following the card playing supper was served. The party was given by Mrs. O. C. Hamilton, Mrs. Charles Malcolm Platt, Mrs. J. C. Pritchard and Mrs J. S. Claverie.



## EXIT BILL

Derest Maude:—

This will be the last time I'll sling the ink in your direction frum this joint. My discharge is here ter hand and now, with the exception of a coupler formalities like packin' and gittin' the final ticket, I'm out, clear and free. These many months I've bin ritin this bunk ter yer, and it sure has bin a pleasure. Of course there wuz times when the news wuzn't so plenty, and the ritin' of a long letter every week or so cum kinder hard ter me. But my natural wit and cunning allways came ter help me and somehow or other I allways managed ter hold up my end. So, now with this last epistle I sez good-bye to all this life what I have been livin' nigh onter eighteen months. I'll miss it fer a while, I knows dog-goned well I will. There ain't no hills ter look at back home, nor revellie ter stand, nor mess like we git here. I leaves behind a lot of friends worthwhile, and though fer obvious reasons I never cut much of a figger with the female element of the camp, I leaves 'em with smiles and good-luck ter 'em all.

Down the stretch of time I kin see this small-sized city a large expanse of fields woods! I kin see a buildin' juttin' up here and there; I kin see nu roads laid down, steam pipes raised and finally the arrival of patients. I've bin through it all, I've seen this place frum start ter finish, and naturally I feels as if I wuz a part of it, so if I step out of my role, as the actors would say, and lean a little ter sentiment I kin be forgiven.

Lots of things passes through a feller's mind wonce he pulls the won-way ticket ter home. Yer got what yer went after; yer out and through. And now a newer and bigger struggle commences; yer got ter put yer shoulder ter thee old cart wheel and push it up the hill. Yer goin' back inter the swim, which is mostly all the way against the current. There ain't no relegations or special or general orders ter look out fer, but gosh a-mighty, the lack of them makes it all the harder! But heads up, say I, and let her go!

And now fer the last time I bids yer adios. Good-bye ter all who have stood fer me here. Farewell ter the army, with jest a wee tinge of regret, and here's hopin' that sum day, sumwheres I'll have the good fortune to bunk inter all my buddies agin. Curtain!

Finally,

BILL.



## DIRECTIONS FOR TREATMENT AFTER DISCHARGE

Directions for discharged soldiers in the matter of procedure of discharged soldiers entitled to treatment by the United States public health service, is contained in a circular received by our commandant, Col. Lyster from headquarters of the southeastern department at Charleston to the Surgeon General at Washington. The letter which is self explanatory, follows:

"I desire to invite your attention to the fact that the United States has been divided into fourteen districts, with a commissioned officer of the service in charge of each district, who is prepared to render aid to all discharged soldiers, sailors, and marines who are beneficiaries of the war risk insurance.

"In view of the fact that a great many men are being discharged from various hospitals of the army who may require some further treatment upon their return to civilian life, I respectfully request that you issue instructions to the commanding officers of your various hospitals, inviting their attention to the fact that these district offices have been established and that they inform the men as they are discharged that the public health service, through these offices, is prepared to furnish them any medical attention to which they are entitled.

"A list of these district supervisors is noted below for your information and you are requested to notify your commanding officers that any request made to them will receive immediate attention, and that through their organization the district supervisor is prepared to render assistance to the discharged soldier, whether in his home town or at some nearby location.

"The above outlined plan, it is believed, will greatly simplify matters and will be of vast benefit to the discharged soldier, and I wish to urge that if possible these instructions be given." The letter is signed by Rupert Blue," surgeon general.

Following is list of Surgeons and Stations where relief will be furnished to beneficiaries of War Risk Insurance:

Surgeon W. W. King, U. S. Public Health Service, Custom House, Boston, Mass., District No. 1, comprising the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

Surgeon F. C. Smith, U. S. Public Health Service, 280 Broadway, New York, N. Y., District No. 2, comprising the states of Connecticut, New York and New Jersey.

Surgeon G. L. Collins, U. S. Public Health Service, 410 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., District No. 3, comprising the states of Pennsylvania and Delaware.

Passed Assistant Surgeon J. A. Watkins, U. S. Public Health Service, 5th Floor Chamber of Commerce Building, Atlanta, Georgia, District No. 5, comprising the states of North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia and Florida.

Passed Assistant Surgeon C. H. Waring, U. S. Public Health Service, 409 Audubon Building, New Orleans, La., District No. 6, comprising the states of Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana.

Surgeon D. E. Robinson, U. S. Public Health Service, 705 Neave Building, 4th and Race, Cincinnati, Ohio, District No. 7, comprising the states of Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky.

Dr. Bert W. Caldwell, U. S. Public Health Service, 512 Garland Building, Chicago, Ill., District No. 8, comprising the states of Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin.

Passed Assistant Surgeon W. C. Witte, U. S. Public Health Service, 1601 Syndicate Trust Building, St. Louis, Mo., District No. 9, comprising the states of Nebraska, Iowa, Kansas and Missouri.

Surgeon H. M. Bracken, U. S. Public Health Service, 744 Lowry Building, St. Paul, Minn., District No. 10, comprising the states of Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota and Montana.

Surgeon Frederick J. Pierce (Reserve) U. S. Public Health Service, care Dr. C. W. Pressnall, Trinidad, Colo., District No. 11, comprising the states of Wyoming, Utah, Colorado and New Mexico.

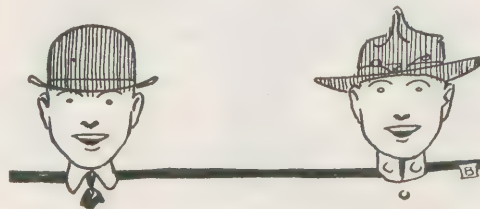
Surgeon John D. Long, U. S. Public Health Service, U. S. Marine Hospital, San Francisco, Calif., District No. 12, comprising the states of Arizona, Nevada and California.

Dr. E. E. Cable, U. S. Public Health Service, 905 Electric Building, Portland, Oregon, District No. 13, comprising the states of Washington, Idaho and Oregon.

Surgeon C. H. Gardner, U. S. Public Health Service, San Antonio, Texas, District No. 24, comprising the states of Oklahoma, Texas and Arkansas.

Passed Assistant Surgeon L. R. Thompson, U. S. Public Health Service, Manila, Philippine Islands, District comprises Philippine Islands.

Assistant Surgeon Carl Michel, U. S. Public Health Service, San Juan, Porto Rico. District comprises Porto Rico and the Virgin Islands.



## ALLOWANCES RUN A MONTH BEYOND DISCHARGES

We didn't know it—did you? In reading the little booklet of useful information edited by Col. Arthur Wood, Assistant Secretary of War, and distributed by the Red Circle, we find that if an allowance has been made to a dependent relative, this remains in force for a month after the date of discharge. For instance, if you get your white slip on September 1st (and here's hoping many of us will) the last allowance check will read, "Up to and including October 1st." So, keep this pasted on your mental note-book and howl if you don't get it.

By the way, this little book of good dope in 60 pages is a thing every fellow should have. The welfare organization should have 'em—and we know that the Red Cross and the Red Circle are distributing them. Sing out for a copy the next time you're near these places.

"Don't blush, Mabel; O. D's. are not what you think they are."

## DOUGHBOYS SEE MOST LOVELY JANE IN HISTORY

Paris.—Every day now in the Louvre, the greatest art museum in the world, one sees hundreds of American soldiers. Many are there out of idle curiosity, of course, but most of them become much interested before they have been there long, while a surprisingly large proportion of them know a good deal about art.

Their genuine interest is shown by the fact that every day the guides recognize men in their parties who have been with them on previous trips. The men are conducted in parties ranging from twenty to fifty by American guides. For an hour they follow one guide through the galleries of paintings, then another through the statuary halls.

Most of the guides are chosen, of course, for their special knowledge of art, but some merely for their knowledge of doughboys. One of the most popular, for instance, is a Western man, who leads his party of soldiers up to the Venus de Milo and exclaims:

"There she is boys, the most lovely Jane in history; two thousand years old and still going strong."

"Got any men that perfect" some doughboy queries, after they have gazed absorbingly on the most lovely Jane.

"Right this way," replies the accommodating guide, "here, gentlemen, is a true copy of the original Apollo B. V. D."

The Louvre authorities hold the Venus de Milo and the Mona Lisa in such reverence that they have no roommates—they stand alone in chambers into which most of the French people walk on tiptoe, and in which they hush their voices. The other day an American sailor got ahead of the party and looked in on Mona unannounced. In all the other rooms he had visited masterpieces, all over the walls, and even on many of the ceiling. He gazed almost contemptuously about the bare room, then called back:

"No use comin' in here, fellows. There's only one little picture here."

For all that nearly every boy who came to France will go home with far better understanding and appreciation of art and sculpture and architecture than he ever had before, for they are not neglecting their opportunities. Everywhere in France they are visiting cathedrals, art galleries and museums.



# The BATTLES of BRUNO

(Oteen's Own War Story)

By MAJOR DAMMSORE

That was a bad break in leaving the Bruno story out of last week's Oteen. But the truth of it was we had an extra page of advertising given us at the last minute—and like any sheet of a standard—we don't give a dern about the good will of our readers—we need the money more. Then, too, we had no illustration, as our friend-lieutenant sure lived up to his name—Dodge. He's suddenly becomes the most popular man in camp—cause his pa sent his auto on. This morning as we were bracing him for a picture—two colonels embraced him for a trip to Chimney Rock—and the way they clung we thought he was due to lose his underwear. So, around these diggings it doesn't pay to be a "loot," a scion of wealth, or a good fellow, because there'll be a hoard around with the chronic "gimmes!"

As we remember the last time we devoted a page to Bruno we told how he, sitting on the front porch with the lovely lady to whom he is not engaged, he being engaged to hefty Hertha, of Washeville, and just having met the lovely lady, through coincidence and Matthew, her black cat, one of the toughest black cats in all that part of North Carolina, through which Bruno, back from busting the Hindenburg Line, is looking for a job as a canal-boat captain, suddenly decided that he would try out the Power of Will, a course of 12 expensive mail-order lessons on the art of self-mastery, on this here lovely lady. So hold your breath—some things going to happen powerful soon.

## CHAPTER XXX.

"When endeavoring to impress the magnetism of your personality upon theirs, look squarely into your subject's eyes and hold the thought 'You must do as I say.' If necessary, repeat these words in an undertone, as you fix the subject's vision."

So as it was quite dark and Bruno had great difficulty in seeing the lovely lady's face, let alone her eyes, Bruno had to put his nose practically smack against hers and glare and mumble in such a terrifying manner that the lovely lady, whose nerves were already a bit frazzled by the experiences of the evening, emitted a piercing yelp. Bruno started.

"My goodness," he said, when he had

recovered, "don't do that. They'll get out the fire department if you sound an alarm like that."

The lovely lady was quite peeved.

"What is the matter with you, anyhow?" she asked in a shrill voice. "Do you want to scare me to death? What is the matter with my nose, anyhow?"

"Nothing," said Bruno, "you got a beautiful nose, I'll tell the world. I was only trying out something."

At this moment he remembered that the lesson said if this system of approach should by any chance fail, the next step would involve leading the subject by way of conversational channels into some revelation of weakness of character which might result in indicating the next move.



"YOU MUST DO AS I SAY!"

So Bruno said:

"You are quite nervous, ain't you?"

"Nervous!" repeated the lovely lady. "Where do you get that stuff? If I was to lean over and begin to look at you like I had suddenly seen the Kaiser sitting next to me I suppose you wouldn't move a muscle. Oh, no!"

"Well," said Bruno, "you got no call to get mussy about it. I told you I was trying out something, didn't I?"

"Young feller," said the lovely lady, "I ain't no guinea-pig, and if you want to conduct any scientific experiments, believe me, you are on the wrong porch."

"Look-a here," said Bruno, "I didn't come all this way to hear a lot of sob stuff from a jane. I can get all of that I want at home, and more, too."

"You low-down, deceitful wretch. I'm wise to you now. You got a jane back there somewhere, and you can just rear up on your hind legs and snap along back to where you come from."

Both the ex-lovers were now standing up, facing each other. For almost a minute they stood thus, and then like some wild creature the lovely lady flew at our hero, slapping him bing on the nose, scratching at his face, kicking at his ankles. Bruno turned and with one jump cleared the porch steps. A door stop whizzed by his head as he struck the gravel walk. He made the gate under full steam. As he went hurtling down the road two cynical yellow eyes gleamed at him out of the surrounding gloom. He recognized them as the eyes of Matthew, the lovely lady's black cat, and their derisiveness was one of the male creatures who having known woman and her ways has now for all time decided to shun them.

Some half-mile away from the lovely lady's house Bruno stopped running and commenced mopping.

Soliloquized Bruno:

"This woman game is some peculiar. Just when you think you are getting on best something comes along to spill the beans. Where do these writing guys who tell about cooing doves and the rest get off? Cooing doves! Hertha and the lovely lady is more like cooing sharks. They got the loving dispositions of man-eating tigers. No more for your Bruno. Hereafter I flock along by myself. Good man-talk for yours truly."

At this instant a wild scream that stirred Bruno to the very core of his being arose on the night air. It was the cry of a woman in distress, and apparently it came from a neighboring clump of trees. Without a word Bruno commenced to run in the opposite direction.

But as he ran the cry came nearer and nearer. Coming toward him down the road was a vision in white. She was one of the most beautiful women Bruno had ever seen. She was holding out her arms to him, and the moonlight played on her face displayed a smile as engaging as any that the sirens cast toward the struggling oarsman on the Argonaut. Oh, boy! Bruno ceased running. He carried the toe of the right foot about a half-foot length to the rear and slightly to the left of the left heel without changing the position of the left foot, faced to the rear, turning and placed the right heel by the side of the left.

(To be continued.)





*Going Home!* There's music in those words, believe us! Once, when the clarion call to arms and all that sort of stuff was rife, we couldn't get away fast enough, but now with the discharge papers and pay check in hand we give a loud "yip," to show how glad we are to get away from all of this. Oh, boy! "It's a grand and glorious feeling!"

But we won't go back to find things as we left them; a large war has happened since then, and making the world more or less democratic has proven rather expensive. For one thing: shoes have doubled in price, a good meal is hard to get at any price, the tailor measures you for a suit by your pocket-book, rather than by the yard car-fares, taxi-fares, bill-of-fares have all reached high "G." Gosh, we'll have to go out and hustle if we want to keep the winter winds from blowing through our summer underwear. And then again we'll get home just in time to take in a few of the strikes. Local transportation lines are tied up, and it costs a month's pay to ride ten blocks on a milk wagon; all the actor folks are snorting up on their hind legs and refusing to go to work until their pay envelopes are made heavier—thank God for the movies. At least prohibition has kept the bar-tenders from striking. And so home parts and civilian life will take on a different aspect than in the days of yore.

Yes, we're *going home*; there's music in those words, but whether the tune is going to sound rather flat after the novelty of a regular hair-cut and long trousers has worn off remains to be seen. We know that we are going back to the old standard of things, which has entirely changed; we are going to try to pick up where we have left off, but we'll have to take a heluva jump upward. But what do we care, we're *going Home*; there's music in those words!

*The Observer*

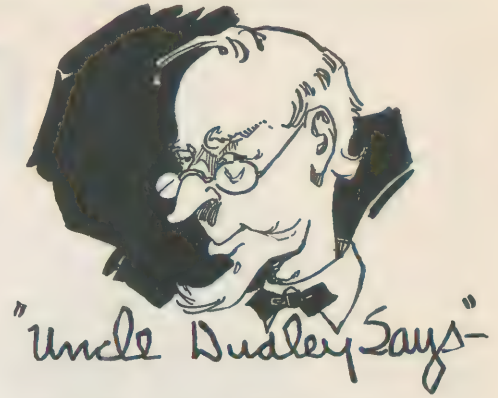
### IN THE PEACE GRAVEYARD

Bill Hohenzollen.  
Buck Freeman.  
H. C. L.  
Kamerad.  
Mustard gas.  
Sentimental Sammy.  
His sweet young thing.  
The souvenir fiend.  
"When will the war end?"  
The K. P. and the M. P.  
The frock-coated camp savior.  
Abbreviated sugar bowls.  
Kultur.  
An overworked vocabulary of sulphuric terms.  
The soap-box war prophet.  
Smokes for soldiers.  
Whenthehell do I get out?  
"As you were."

### RULES FOR ARMY WEDDINGS

Following are the rules for army weddings at Coblenz, according to the Watch on the Rhine, the American soldier paper there:

1. The march of the bridal party up the aisle of the church will be at attention. A cadence of 80 steps to the minute will be maintained for the length of the church.
2. Unless otherwise announced, the guide is right as the party proceeds towards the altar.
3. The guests will execute eyes right or eyes left, as the case may be, is the bride, bridegroom and their attendants march up the aisle.
4. The father of the bride, after having given her in marriage, will right oblique and continue to march until he has deployed himself from the bridal party proper.
5. The bridal party, as it aligns itself in front of the altar, will dress on the best man.
6. Ring bearers, flower girls, pages etc., will act as file closers.
7. During the ceremony the guests will remain at the parade rest.
8. When the party has arranged itself in company front formation, the officiating clergyman will take his place two paces to the front and will read the articles of matrimony.
9. Immediately after the ceremony the command "At Ease!" will be given. (Note: Bride and bridegroom are not expected to be at ease, however.)



"Howdy, Helen! Still peeved?"

★ ★

"This here Patton avenue, down t' th' city iz shore sum place t' see th' sights! With th' help o' th' way wimmin' leave there undertrimmin's t' hum, en th' lights in th' shop winders en on autos, yer ole Unckle saw more display o' th' human form (female variety) in a half hour one night, then they kin find in a art museum in a week."

★ ★

Sum few were o' th' *Human Form Divine*. En the rest were jest human forms—altho, atter lookin' at sum o' 'em, it iz durned hard t' believe thet they air humans.

★ ★

"Sum ball team, fellers! *Sum team!*"

★ ★

"Powerful glad ye understand stutlerin', Helen!"

★ ★

"Thet air feller White can't knock this here team, so he iz still rarin' en snortin' about th' team what wuz. Bound t' growl, y' see; bound t' growl!"

★ ★

"'Cap' S. C. D. Alexander iz a powerful funny sort o' feller! Th' other day at th' ball game he moved a gang o' fellers of-fen th' benches in th' shade en made 'em set in th' sun on th' ground—*en then he wants 'em t' root like blazes*. Can't be done, Nevvy, can't be done!"

★ ★

Lt. Laundry Steel most nigh run up a grade in thet air buzz masheen th' other day. Keep comin' Nevvy, ye'll make it yet sum day!"

★ ★

Wall, so long, Helen! Try smilin' onct. It iz pow'ful good fer th' disposishun!"

Hick Sentry: "Halt! Who's dar?"  
Soldier: "Friend."

H. S.: "Advance friend and be disorganized."





# RECONSTRUCTION

CAPT. JOHN B. MORGAN, Chief of Reconstruction

LT. HARRY J. KEFAUVER,  
LT. L. W. RIBA,

LT. ARTHUR HALSTEAD,  
LT. WARREN K. LAYTON,

LT. WM. R. BOONE,

MISS ANNA M. BARRINGER, Supervisor of Aides.

## NOW—and HEREAFTER.

A regular fair, n' everything free. Such was the party given by the Aides last Wednesday night in honor of Mrs. Morris. Was it a howling success? It was! One man confessed to having partake of fourteen sandwiches while another admits he "Put away twenty-nine of the latter!" Everybody left with pockets and tummys bulging and a good time was shared by all. Amos of 1-5 was also an honored guest and did all the stunts with some special rides on the chute. Why go to Atlantic City when rolling chairs, scenic railways and all the stunts can be found for nothing at Oteen.

★ ★

Roll call changed to 8:45, thirty minutes more grace, thirty minutes more to sleep.

★ ★

Just think we had pancakes and toast at one and the same breakfast. Some one is getting away from the straight and narrow road.

★ ★

No more rest hour for the aides. Classes in various kinds of craft work have been started for the mutual improvement of the the aides during that time.

★ ★

We are beginning to fear for Sgt. Ladd's health. For the last few mornings he has been off duty because of physical examinations. Between you and me and the gate post we suspect that Sgt. Ladd has a good grandmother in civil life.

★ ★

Miss Behler enjoys the life on the post to such and extent that she cannot be persuaded to leave it.

★ ★

Sgt. Delaney, Corporal Johnson and Corporal Adrian have been assigned to the Reconstruction service. Everybody's smiling once more.

Seventy three new enrollments in the work of the Reconstruction service are noted for week ending August 2nd. Fifty-seven are noted for week ending August 9. By the present method of classification and publicity it is hoped to keep the weekly average increase around the fifty mark.

★ ★

The Aide's workshop, after many moves and removes, is at last in the Reconstruction Building. This is the logical, geographical placement, hence strategically correct, being accessible to the ambulatory men of the Hill and East and West Wards; also, for nurses from Wards 1 and 2. There are classes in:

Advertising and Poster

Bookbinding

Leather Work

Weaving

Basketry

Metal

Woodwork

Music—Stringed Instruments

Stenography

Typewriting.

The Aide's workshop, after many moves order and special classes will be arranged on sufficient registration. Application for all these can be filed with Lieut. Layton. Come early and get started!

★ ★

Any of our boys who anticipate wearing the coveted red chevron in the near future are cordially invited to drop in to I-1 and have a few words before they leave, with Doc Leurin on T. B. specialist. He has some very original ideas on ridding ourselves of the bugs. His "Mocusmagnet" and his system of periscopes and reflecting mirrors for getting the direct rays of the sun down into the lungs are particularly interesting, and if you can get these to work they positively guarantee to cure in an hour.

There was a young lady named Bigger,  
Who got awfully stung by a chigger,  
It raised such a hump  
And made such a hump  
It well nigh did ruin her figger.

There is a young lady named Ball,  
Who is the best Goldbricker of all.  
She goes to C-2  
But what does she do  
If you don't believe me just call.

There was a young lady named Mable  
Who scarce could reach the Laurel Tea  
table.  
With a dance and a song,  
But John came along  
And now she's both willing and able.

There was a Lieutenant named Wright  
Who was squeezed in an auto quite tight,  
Twixt Richmond and Cowden.  
There was quite some crowd in  
So he could not salute in this plight.

There was a young Louey named Clark  
Who tho't being O. D. was a lark,  
But he rushed so indeed  
That "I'm sure tired of Speed"  
He was once o'erheard to remark.

★ ★

Said he to she, "Let's play tennis tomorrow after dinner."

Said she to he, "All right."

It rained.

Said he to she, "Let's have a before breakfast tennis game."

Said she to he, "All right."

It rained.

Said he to she, "Let's play tennis tomorrow afternoon."

Said she to he, "All right."

It rained.

So—What's the use?





## DOINS OF OUR OWN WHITE WAY

We're forbidden to mention Gloom Zab-in in this column, so we will speak of the *Cordova Kid*. Three evenings back she and Gloom were passing Friend Finkelsteins, when the glitter of the solitaire display caught her eye. Gloom balked like a trench mule when she tried to lead him through the door for a closer inspection. All of which is bringing us to the conclusion that Gloom is trying to resist the wiles of this actorine lady—but absence from the Jersey hamlet makes his heart grow less fond.

— ★ —

We were awakened from our sleep last night by some violent eruption. No, it wasn't "chiggers"—it was Lt. Sullivan in his Ford at 2 a. m., trying to turn around without awakening the camp—and he derned near tipped our barracks over.

— ★ —

Our well-known citizen Benj. Heyman threw a Mickey-Finn on Thursday night last. Like a royal straight it happens but once in a life time. Ask him!

— ★ —

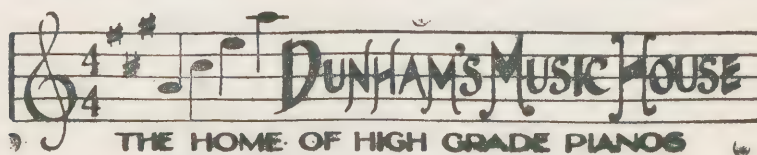
Our x-hard working property officer, Sgt. Ed Loewy, reports back from God's country—having been on a morale expedition. Ed reports with a bright new necktie and the information that some liquor is to be had. He expresses a "Hoel" some joy at being back once again.

— ★ —

"Chink" C. Mayer, Sgt. of the M. S. left town on the 3.10. one day last week. He saw much adventure in his army service—the only Northerner to have hookworm in camp—survived the onslaught of fair Rosie. S.—played the rangiest game of stud poker in these parts—and was the only affidavit maker who wasn't worth \$10.00 to some outfit back home. We hope "Chink" you'll miss the old haunts and that you'll make a million from Mr. Goldwyn!

DRINK

Coca-Cola

EVERY BOTTLE  
STERILIZED

CHOP SUEY

CHOP SUEY

AT THE CHINESE AND AMERICAN RESTAURANT AND  
ORIENTAL ROOF GARDEN LOCATED AT 8 N. PACK SQ.*Private Booths. Music. Open until 12 midnight. The only one in Asheville.*FOLKS SAY WE HAVE THE BEST COOK IN TOWN. PERHAPS SHE  
ISN'T *THE* BEST, BUT WE KNOW SHE IS *ONE* OF THE  
BEST FROM THE WAY FOLKS ENJOY OUR  
MEALS. PRICES WITHIN REASON.

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DEPARTMENT. EXPERT IN CHARGE.

**THE BUSY CORNER**

PHONES: PRESCRIPTIONS 116, SUNDRIES 117, YOURS 117

## AN EFFECTIVE BREAK

A dusky doughboy, burdened under tons of medals and miles and miles of ribbons, service and wound chevrons, stars et al. encountered a Twenty-seventh Division scrapper in Le Mans a few days prior to the division's departure for the States.

"Whar yo' all been scrippin' in dis yar war, boss?" meekly inquired the colored soldier.

"Why, we've been fighting up in Belgium and Flanders with the British," replied the New Yorker proudly.

"Well, we ben down in dem woods—watcha call 'em woods 'ways down south?"

"The Argonne?" suggested young Knickerbocker.

"Yas, yas, dem's de woods—d' Argonne."

"You know our division was the first to break the Hindenburg line, colored boy," explained the Twenty-seventh man.

"Was it you wot did dat trick? Y'know, boss, we felt dat ol line sag way down in d'Argonne."

## THE INVINCIBLE ARMY

Friend—"How's your boy getting on in the army, Mr Johnson?"

Johnson—"Wonderful I feel a great sense of security. An army that can make my boy get up early, work hard all day, and go to bed early can do anything!"

**THE OTEEN HOSPITAL  
BUYS ALL OF ITS  
FISH**

FROM

**The  
Asheville Fish  
Company**

What an Endorsement  
for QUALITY this is!



## PHILOSOPHY OF A HOBO

What's the matter with a body  
 When they get the kind of mood  
 When to be polite's too common  
 And it's nicer to be rude;  
 When to go about one's business  
 In a business sort of way  
 Makes life seem to dull and stupid  
 And completely spoils the day?

When one like's to kick and tumble  
 And make gentle people star  
 At the way they raise the dickens  
 And the way they rip and tare,  
 And folks roll their eyes and wonder  
 What this world is coming to  
 If there's any of it left  
 When all the rakes are through.

When the mood begins to wear off,  
 And one gets back in the rut  
 Minus pep and self respect  
 And knowing one's a nut.  
 Then a storm of resolutions  
 Bursts and floods the heart with pain.

Oh, life unscarred by dignity,  
 Untouched by culture's strain,  
 An outlaw of propriety  
 Defying fashion's reign.  
 The cave-man's artless freedom  
 Only ruled by Providence  
 Is a life of human nature  
 On the plane of common sense.  
*Miss F. Pedigo.*

U. S. General Hospital No. 19  
 buy most of its eggs from

*The*  
**Western Produce  
 Company**

Doesn't this speak well for  
 Western Produce quality?

*Ask your grocer for Western  
 Produce Eggs.*

U. S. ARMY HOSPITAL No. 12  
 AND  
 U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 19  
 USE  
**"CAROLINA SPECIAL"**  
*Superior Milk Products*



**CAROLINA  
 CREAMERY  
 COMPANY**

*Why Not Bring That Watch in Now and Have It  
 Repaired and Adjusted?*

FINE REPAIRING OUR SPECIALTY

**J. E. CARPENTER**

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*Are you getting a furlough soon? Or, maybe  
 your discharge?*

If so you need a Suitcase. Our line of inexpensive light-weight summer Suitcases and Bags is more complete and varied than ever.

Japanese Matting and Cane Suitcases, from .....\$1.25 to \$8.50  
 Brown Hard Fibre Suitcases, specially priced .....\$2.75 to \$7.50  
 Real leather from .....\$8.75 to \$35.00

*Bon Marche*

**OPPORTUNITY FOR SOLDIER PRINTER**

A small, well equipped print shop, now operating, can be purchased at favorable price. Owner has not time to give to it and other business. Splendid opportunity to make some money and build a good paying business.

—SEE H. TAYLOR ROGERS AT—

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39 PATTON AVE.

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ROGERS' PRINTSHOP DOES SMALL JOBS IN A BIG WAY—TRY US



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100 PER CENT PURE PORTO RICAN CIGAR

5c, 10c, 15c, 2 FOR 25c

We believe the good quality of CENTROSAS will be appreciated by you. They are less injurious, because of their mildness and freedom from combination filler and artificial flavoring. On sale at your Exchange and all dealers in town.

**BARBEE-CLARK CIGAR & TOB. CO.**

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## Have You Ever Stopped to Think

how much a good business training would mean to you when you return to civilian life? Our appointment by the Government as a Vocational Training School, speaks eloquently of the character of work we are doing. Special rates of tuition to men who have been in the Service. For particulars call or write

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Our superior faculties and strong connections are always at your service.

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## T Room WEAVERVILLE

Specialties: Home-Made Corn Bread, Rolls, Bread, Marshmallow Cake. Have Dinner with us and then go to the Dance Tuesdays and Fridays. Everything cooked under the personal supervision of the Proprietor.

## TWELVE PEOPLE I KNOW

A gristle-necked old maid who smokes a pipe.

An oily-nosed bartender who quotes from the Koran.

A fat, slick, round-faced boy who tries to buy his way through life.

A girl, pretty as a royal flush, who says "ain't"

A man who thinks all women love him. He has eyes like a pig.

A hard-faced man with a jaw like a boulder. He is weak.

A beetle-mouthed mathematician whose face comes to a climax at his nose.

A wicked old man who is forever exclaiming, "God bless my soul."

A ham-handed athlete who likes lemon in his tea.

A pale woman with hungry green eyes, who works in a shop.

A red-headed spinster who writes love poetry for a living.

A famous preacher with a perfect poker face.  
—*Princeton Tiger.*

## POTENT STUFF

"Is this hard cider?" asked the prospective purchaser.

"Sure said the rural dispenser.

"But how hard is it?"

"Well, my hired man who never wuz right peart before, filled up on th' stuff t'-other day an' lit out down the big road yellin' Glory halleluiah! I'm still livin' in th' home of th' brave an' th' land of th' free!"

"Gimme a gallon."

## HEARD IN SCHOOL

Teacher: Give an example of a dead language.

Young America: "What are you going to have?"

POST CARD PHOTOS \$1.50 AND \$2.00  
PER DOZEN. FOLDERS FROM  
\$4.00 PER DOZEN UP.

*Kodak Developing and Finishing promptly done. I will appreciate your business*

**Sherrill's Studio**

32½ PATTON AVENUE



## GENERAL GRANT AND GENERAL PERSHING

Gen. Grant emerged from the civil war—the idol of the soldiers and the people.

Gen. Pershing comes out of the world war—respected for his military efficiency, it is true, but, nevertheless, far from being the idol of the people, and farther still from being the idol of the soldiers

Grant was easily elected President. Pershing probably couldn't get the nomination.

The Union army in the civil war was democratic (as was also the Confederate army); the American army in the world war was autocratic.

Grant had spent some years in civil life immediately prior to the war; Pershing hadn't.

Besides, times have changed.

The contrast is great—and interesting.

—“Soldier and Marine.”

## THE SOLEFUL COUNTANCE

“Why, you seem to remember me,” gurgled the friendly matron to the cordial clerk.

“Sure I do! Why, I never forget anybodys face I ever fitted a pair of shoes on!”

“Bill Moon's wife presented him with a new daughter Tuesday,” says the Warfield Item. “He celebrated by getting drunk and the judge fined him twenty-five dollars, but Bill had only twenty-five cents left.” Here's a case where a new Moon was followed by a full Moon in the last quarter in quick rotation.

## Garcia Grande CIGARS

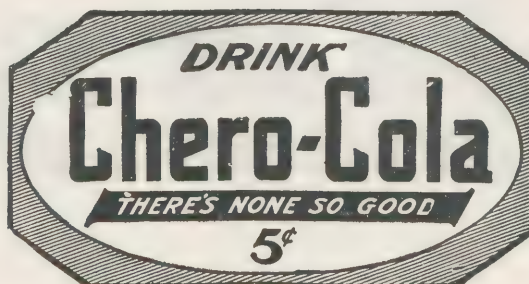
A mild Havana for men of discriminating taste, is now on sale at

**The Post Exchange**

FURNISHED BY

**The Rogers Grocery  
Company**

ASHEVILLE, N. C.



## MAMMOTH FURNITURE STORE

Whatever is thoroughly Reliable and Desirable in Home Furnishings can always be found at this *STORE*.

All we ask is an opportunity to show you.

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You are invited to make selections from carefully selected assortments of the best that we can find—that the manufacturers can produce.

SHOP FOR MEN ON THE FIRST FLOOR  
WOMEN'S AND MISSES' GOODS, SECOND FLOOR  
BOYS' AND SPORTS DEPARTMENT  
THIRD FLOOR

*Full Line of Seasonable Sporting Goods Always in Stock*



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THE BEVERAGE

Served Ice Cold at  
Post Exchange

Also on sale at Soda  
Fountains, and Soft Drink  
Stands in the City.

## Asheville's Home for Styleplus Clothes

\$25.00, \$30.00, \$35.00 AND \$40.00  
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ALL OVER ASHEVILLE  
AND OPEN ALL THE TIME

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ENTRUSTED TO US WILL COME BACK TO YOU FRESH AND  
CLEAN—NOT SHRUNKEN OR TORN. WE SPECIALIZE  
ON SOLDIERS' LAUNDRY.

## ASHEVILLE LAUNDRY

PENLAND STREET

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

## LATE WARD GOSSIP

Buck private, John Essie Robinson of the 38th or Cyclone Division, and of a very "cyclonic" character when one wakes him up and tells him what he was talking about in his sleep, has just about decided that Oteen is an ideal and the only place for him. He is afraid to go before the board for fear they will send him away before September. Truth of it is, he has found a girl near Arden and also he likes the Atmosphere of Western N. C. Think it will make a hero of him.

Our friend (Granny) Scott met his fate last Sunday evening on "Sputum" square. An extremely beautiful and very wealthy old maid and only (23?) years old! Think of it fellows! We'll not call her name for fear all the other fellows will be trying to make a hit. Think he has already selected Robinson as his best man. Here's congratulation, old boy.

Every soldier kicks on the chow. That's merely a matter of principle. He may be dissatisfied, or he may not.

He should be careful, however, not to take this habit home with him. When he gets home and gets married and his own wife becomes the mess officer, the kicking will have to stop.

There may be days when the slum is worse than it ever was in the Army, but he dare not say so.



## A New Portrait

Of You Would Please  
Them at Home.

Make the Appointment Today

**The Pelton Studio**

Next to Princess Theatre



## TEMPTATION

Of all the insidious  
 Temptations invidious  
 Contrived by the devil for pulling men  
 down,  
 There is none more delusive,  
 Seductive, abusive,  
 Than the snare to a man with his wife  
 out of town.  
 He feels such delightfulness,  
 Stay out-all-night-full-ness,  
 Sure-to-get-tight-full-ness—  
 I own it with pain—  
 A bachelor rakishness,  
 What will-you-take-ish-ness,  
 None can explain.  
 His wife may be beautiful,  
 Tender and dutiful,  
 'Tis not that her absence would cause  
 him delight,  
 But the cursed opportunity,  
 Baleful immunity,  
 Scatters his scruples as day scatters  
 night.

—Ex.

## EXCUSED

"O'Shea," said the captain sternly, "I  
 saw you running from a boche this morn-  
 ing as if the devil were after you; you had  
 thrown away your wife and—"

"Yis, sor, Oi know it, sor, but ye see Oi  
 had just slipped a live hand-grenade in  
 his pocket, and——"

"I see," said the captain.

ACES *in* LIFE

There's a splendid thrill that comes  
 to a man when he agrees with him-  
 self to become—SOMEBODY. Even  
 the most daring Air Ace never knew  
 a finer feeling. For life is indeed a  
 veritable triumph if we will make it  
 so, and if we rightly look upon  
 SAVING as the first adjunct of  
 success.

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Meals served Daily, except Sunday

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Dinner or Supper

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Best Home Food at Moderate Prices

SERVICE A LA CARTE

## Lest You Forget

There's a Dance every Thursday  
 and Saturday night at the RED  
 CIRCLE CLUB, 16 Broadway,  
 for Soldiers.



**QUIT YOUR GRUMBLIN'**

Quit your kicking, old man, it's not any use

To fight Mr. Trouble with jaw-bone abuse.  
If you want to succeed, it's not any way  
To go around kicking and wasting your day.

If you can't make the hill a-runnin' on high

Just throw her in low, and never say die.  
The first in the start may finish the last,  
So keep on a-pluggin'; don't hurry too fast.  
Keep smilin'; don't worry, you'll make it all right

If you just keep a-tryin' with all your might.

Don't waste time kickin', but throw off your coat

And dig in and root, like an Arkansaw shoat.

If you think with old Fortune you have a rare pull

You're kiddin' yourself with a poor line of bull.

If you want to make good you have to go through

A stiff course of training before you will do.

So cut out your kickin' and turn off the bile,

And jump in and hustle with a song and a smile. —I. L. S.

"Tips that touch liquor will never touch mine," decared the old maid.

"Got it securely secrated, have you?" responded the old soak.

IN JUSTICE TO YOUR PURSE  
ATTEND OUR

## MIDSUMMER CLEARANCE SALE

NOW IN FORCE

10% to 50% Reductions Prevail

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Company**

*The Shop for the Woman who Knows*

"At the Fork in the Road"

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OPEN TILL MIDNIGHT.

Don't worry, we always have  
several hundred pounds close  
by.

That's the way to spell Chicken.

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A S S E N G E R **Cars**

**S** I G H T -  
E E E I N G **Cars**

SPECIAL RATES TO SOLDIERS

A great number of Soldiers at Oteen and Kenilworth have accounts at this Bank. Indeed, the number is so noticeable that it entitles this Bank to be known as "THE SOLDIERS' BANK."

Savings Accounts pay 4 per cent. interest, compounded quarterly. Open one today and you will have a tidy and handy sum to take home with you when you are discharged.

\$1.00 Opens an Account.

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NORTH CAROLINA